Saviour

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Saviour

by TigerPrawn

Summary

For summertimeslick - tentacles
Elias, Lee, tentacles and a bar pick up. What could possibly go wrong? Nothing, in fact everything goes perfectly right!

Notes

Prompt Fill: Tentacle Eleeas? Elias is the one using the tentacles on Lee ;) Elias wants Lee after seeing the enby (if you don't mind writing Lee as nonbinary?) at a gay bar and seeing them depressed thinking there was no one who wanted to stay in a committed relationship with them. Elias wants to fix that and keep them to himself.

See the end of the work for more notes

Elias had seen the otter there before. He always looked sort of lonely even when he hooked up with other guys - bears mostly.

Elias wasn't a bear. He wasn't anything that mattered.

The otter was beautiful. His clothes were something between masculine and feminine and sat perfectly on every inch of his body. He was by far the most beautiful person in the shifter bar. But Elias didn't dare consider it further, *it* was already stirring and he felt a blush rise on his cheeks.

No one would ever want him no matter how lonely they might seem. Besides, the otter couldn't really be lonely, he could take home any of the bears he disappeared into the back room with. He was clearly very discerning and so Elias would never be an option.

He drank down the rest of his pint and ordered another.

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The corridor back from the bathroom was narrow and dimly lit and Elias was already tipsy - it made it hard to avoid bumping into the people that were lingering there. Kissing and touching. He got annoyed glances and harsh words as he passed. He wasn't sure why he even came to this bar. It was a pick up place, and he didn't want to pick up. He didn't know what he wanted. He wanted to feel something more than the animal need he'd had to deal with since he hit puberty. Even other shifters didn't want him, but it was somehow easier to be around them than a human bar. At least a shifter might be more accepting of his anatomy… if ever he chanced to manage to get into a sexual position with one. At the very least he was tolerated amongst them as one of their own.

"Watch it."

It was the otter, the beautiful omegan scent rising from him with a little of something else that Elias couldn't immediately place. They passed as the otter made his way to the bathroom, not before giving Elias a dark look.

He was torn for a moment. Go home and cry or just sink into another pint.

He chose the pint and sat there nursing it for a moment before someone appeared next to him.

“Hey, sorry. I’m kind of a shit when… oh, it doesn’t matter. Just. sorry, ok?”

It took Elias a moment to realise the otter was talking to him. He looked up, stunned and the otter huffed out a sigh and slid into the seat next to him at the bar.

“Don’t you just find all this shit depressing? I think I’ve had every bear in this place, most of the other otters too, but…” he shrugged. “Is it possible to get bored of just sex? Not that anyone ever wants anything more than that, at least not with me.” He let out a dark chuckle.

Elias had no idea how to answer. He wasn’t even sure it was actually a question. He frowned and licked his lips, trying to find something to say that might not be completely off-putting. “You are very morose.” Elias finally managed.

The otter quirked a brow at him and then let out a bark of laughter. He laughed until he shook and slapped Elias on the back. Another waft of that scent as he did. *Alpha*. That was what it was.

“You’re not wrong friend. I’m Lee.” He offered his hand.

Elias shook it gently, aware of his own cumbersome bulk. “Elias.”

“You’re a bull yeah? Not met any bulls in here before.” Lee smiled and signalled the bartender to bring him a drink.

“I… I am a…” Elias trailed off. How did you explain you were nothing or more than one thing. A freak?

Lee’s drink arrived and there were a few minutes of silence that Elias struggled to gauge. He felt awkward most of the time, silence or not. He shifted on his chair - the scent from his new friend was stirring *it* and Elias let out a heavy sigh.

“You feeling morose too?” Lee asked with a grin.

“No I… your scent is… is very distracting. You should think about scent blockers.”

Lee’s face dropped and his eyebrows shot up. “Wow. You’re some kind of asshole. You’re lucky I’m too fucking exhausted to move off this stool right now.”

That was the first time Elias really noticed how weak the otter looked. Before he had put it down to the lighting in the place, but now he could see he was drained and not well.

“You look sick. Should you be here?” Elias automatically raised a hand to cover his mouth and nose.

The otter chuckled. “Believe me, it isn’t contagious.”

Elias cautiously lowered his hand and eyed the man over. Likely had already been exposed if it was contagious. But then, that wasn’t something that was necessarily a problem for him…

“And for your fucking information-” Lee started whilst looking squarely at the pint in front of him “-I’m non-binary. Sometimes I wear an alpha scent. You going to be an asshole about that?”

“I… My sister Josie is transgender. She used to be my brother Josef.” Elias frowned as he spoke, he wasn’t a total asshole. And he wasn’t ignorant. “I’m no happier with other people’s assumptions than you are.” He huffed. “Which pronouns do you prefer?”

Lee cleared his throat. “They, them.”

Elias gave a curt nod.

They drank in silence, then. Only easing a little while later when the otter began occasional commentary on other patrons in the bar - their clothes, whether they’d fucked, who had topped. It was enough to have Elias squirming uncomfortably. He had nothing to interject so merely listened and grew more uncomfortable in his seat at the otter’s words.

It was when they were halfway through their next drink that Lee stood to go to the bathroom and promptly collapsed back against Elias.

He grabbed hold of the otter and tried to keep them upright, managing to spill them back onto the barstool just as they started to come around.

“Hey buddy, we don’t want people fall down drunk here. Get your friend home ok? No more booze tonight.” The barman told him and walked away even as Elias tried to protest that he neither knew the otter nor had knowledge of how much alcohol they had or hadn’t ingested.

“Take me home my friendly bull.” Lee forced the words out and Elias nodded. What else was he supposed to do. He would have protested but Lee leaned into him again, and that scent… it was *very* distracting.

Elias half carried the otter out to the nearest taxi rank, the fresh air at least reviving them a little.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have come out tonight… I was just. I didn’t want to be home alone.” Lee seemed frustrated and Elias felt like he might understand that a little. Other than his brothers and sister he had no real company and was often very lonely. But of course, that was his choice. He was a lovely person who could have many friends if he wanted, he was just very selective!

When they got into a taxi Lee gave their address - a short ride away - and leaned against Elias again as they sat in the back.

“Tell me if I’m being too forward… but, as you’re taking me home, maybe… you want to take me home?”

It took Elias a moment to understand what was being suggested. He felt a nervous sweat break out all over his body as *it* stirred uncomfortably.

“That’s… I…” Elias struggled to find the words, partly because he was torn in his response.

Lee chuckled at his flustering and leaned further into him, pressing their lips to Elias's with little energy behind it. It spoke of the otter's exhaustion and that gave Elias further doubts. When Lee pulled back he finally replied -

"I don't think you are well enough for-"

"I'm dying." Lee cut him off. "I don't have long. I'm exhausted and lonely and I guess you're my shot at company tonight. It might be the last chance I have for something… well, just something."

Elias, for the first time in a great while, was dumbstruck.

*

Lee's loft was pleasant if basic. Mod cons and amenities but unlived, no life in there. Like the otter was trying to avoid attachments. The opposite of Elias in many ways.

He helped Lee to the bed and then stood, unsure what to do.

"Help yourself to anything." Lee told him, with a wave of a hand toward the kitchen.

"I'm fine." Elias replied, shifting foot to foot and unsure what to say or do. "I haven't um… I've never…"

"Oh shit, are you a virgin?"

"No, of course not. How absurd. Do I look like a virgin?!"

"You kinda do, yeah." Lee grinned.

"I am not! But even if I were there would be no shame in it. Lots of people have their reasons for not becoming sexually active with others!" Elias blustered with indignation.

Lee continued to grin. "*With others*, huh? You mean you're plenty sexually active with yourself? That's just fine by me, I'm exhausted so a hand job would just be a perfect night cap right about now."

Lee held out their hand and Elias found himself taking it. Maybe if he explained *it* to the otter, then-

"It's ok Elias. You don't need to look so terrified." Lee grinned at him. "honestly, you don't need to stay, I'll be fine."

Elias hesitated. He didn't really want to be responsible for a sick person and yet… perhaps Lee's perspective as non-binary might make them more accepting of Elias's differences?

"I…" Elias started to respond but looked down to see Lee's eyes had closed and they were starting to snore gently. Elias stood, awkward unsure for a moment. Then he kicked off his shoes, stripped down to his boxers and vest and climbed in next to lee. The otter stirred a little as Elias pulled the bed sheets up over them both and settled back.

*

The next morning Elias woke with Lee wrapped bodily around him and the otter's hand on his crotch. When he jumped at the realisation, Lee startled awake.

"Fuck! You scared the shit out of me!" Lee chuckled and then settled back against Elias, snuggling into him. "I don't usually allow sleepovers, but I can't be mad after the best sleep I've had in awhile."

"It is the pheromones." Elias supplied knowledgeably. "Regardless of how you identify, you are attracted to alphas, so it makes sense my scent would calm you. I'm a very good alpha."

"With a huge cock." Lee added with another chuckle.

Elias went red and felt *it react to the comment.*

"Oh come on Elias. At least let me blow you as thanks for helping me home? Might be my last chance to get a nice, juicy mouthful!"

Lee reached over and Elias grabbed his hand. Regardless it twitched in response and started to tent his boxers.

Lee's appreciative hum ended as they startled back. "What the fuck?!"

Before Elias had been able to react it squirmed out through the fly.

"Fuck… it's… that…is that..." Lee's eyes were wide and they licked their lips.

"It's hideous." Elias groaned and started reaching to pull blankets up around him.

"Elias! Fuck, it's… it's... Does it… can you knot with it? Fuck I just… I've never… fuck." Lee looked at him gleefully.

Elias scrambled towards the edge of the bed, planning on making a quick exit, but Lee's hand clamped around his wrist.

"Wait-"

"Let me go, I'm just a freak. You don't want me."

"No, Elias." Lee pleaded. "I was just surprised. I thought you were a bull, so I was expecting…" they gestured at his groin. "bull."

"I am a bull." Elias replied indignantly. "Mostly."

There was silence then and Lee frowned at him, as if awaiting explanation. When Elias didn't speak, Lee did instead. "You're not a freak! Everyone is just different, ok? Don't you think I've been called freak in my time? I was assigned male at birth, assigned omega at puberty, but… that isn't who I am - and that doesn't always sit easy with people. Especially if you've

been less upfront with them than they think you should have been. If you're a freak, we're all freaks and maybe that's just fine?"

Elias let out a sigh that had been weighing in his chest. "My father is a scientist. He… My family are many generations of shifters and he had a theory. He spliced us and tried to make something new. This presents in us all differently. My brother Gregor is a dog, but he has the tail of a cat when shifted. And I-"

"Can… can I see?" Lee's eagerness surprised him.

"It's hideous." Elias warned. "I hate it."

Lee frowned. "I'm sorry to hear that, but… honestly I've never met a cock I didn't like. Can I?" they moved forward, reaching for Elias's boxers.

Elias hesitated for a moment before nodding and holding his breath.

The feel of Lee's hand sliding gently into his boxers made him gasp. The otter's fingers circled it and Lee let out a moan. They were biting at their lower lip as they pulled the tentacle from Elias's underwear. And then they moaned again.

"Damn! Elias, you're beautiful."

Elias found the phrasing jarring. He had always considered it separate to himself, never truly part of himself. After all, he was a bull. Bulls did not have tentacles as a penis.

It was, he knew from google, large. Fat, purple and silky in texture. The topside was a thick skin, the underside a sensitive scattering of suckers. The slit in the top and slightly blunted end gave it a more phallic appearance than a true testacle, as did his large and heavy balls that toned from purple to pink, to flesh tone. They were smooth and sensitive, a joining between his human-bull body and the tentacle.

"It's not beautiful." Elias snapped. "I'm a fre-"

"Elias." Lee's tone held a reprimand as they cut him off. "I said, enough of that shit. A hundred years ago humans considered shifters freaks, more than enough times nonbinary folk are considered freaks! Anything different is considered different but then gradually accepted - at least by anyone that matters. Having different genetics doesn't make you a freak." Lee started to stroke their fingers along the tentacle and it responded by reaching towards the otter.

"Can you feel that?" Lee asked as they lightly ran their fingers over the top side. The lack of sensation was one of the reasons Elias didn't consider it part of himself - he shook his head, tears stinging the corners of his eyes. Lee frowned. "Ok, strip and lie on the bed, I feel like this is a challenge to be accepted."

Elias hesitated only a moment before stripping off his vest and then his boxers as he moved to lay down. Lee ran their eyes all over him and Elias felt unbearably self conscious and reddened, putting his hands over his face.

“Do you feel this?” Lee asked. Elias peeked through his fingers and looked down to see the otter lick up the side of the tentacle, from root to tip, just avoiding the little suckers on the underside.

Elias groaned desperately and shook his head. The thing had a mind of its own. It would become interested all the time, arousing Elias but he was unable to do anything about it. No matter how he stroked it and tried to find release.

But then -

“Ohhhh” It was shock as much as pleasure as Lee took the very tip of the tentacle into their mouth and Elias could feel their tongue. A press, a movement, but he could feel it all the same. “I… I can feel you.”

“Mmmhhmmm” Lee hummed and smiled. Elias found himself returning the smile as Lee took more of the tentacle into their mouth, their tongue pressing against the little suckers, swirling over and between them. They pulled back and tongued the little slit on the very tip of the tentacle.

Elias felt that, he really felt it and arched off the bed.

He collapsed back, panting and watching as the tentacle pulsed and grew and hardened. He had never seen it do that before. As it lengthened it was as though the thick hide thinned, it became more sensitive and Elias’s hands gripped at the bed sheets as he tried to stop his hips thrusting.

Lee drew back, sitting on their haunches and letting their hand continue to play, this time with the underside, of the tentacle - fingers stroking between the suckers. Elias let out a sob and wept at the pleasure.

“It likes you.” Elias smiled through the sob.

“It’s not an it Elias. It’s part of you! I think you need to become better acquainted… and boy do I want to help with that.”

Lee ducked down and licked along the topside of the now extended tentacle, and this time Elias really could feel that. Maybe it was part of him and not just some random extra that he had been lumbered with.

“Will you fuck me Elias?” Lee asked, an eager glint in their eyes, even though they looked tired and worn.

Elias nodded, and not just because he really did want to have sex with the otter, but Lee seemed to need it. They were so close to the end, it was clear now in the morning light, they were very ill. Elias wasn’t sure he could have refused if he’d wanted to.

“Take me like a good alpha.” Lee grinned as they stripped off their own boxers and moved to present. “I want to really feel you.”

Lee was in front of him then, ass high and slick running down the back of their thighs.

“I… I’ve never…”

“It’s ok, you’ll… it’s instinct.”

Elias nodded and moved so that he kneeled behind the otter and placed hands tentatively on their hips. The scent of the slick was sweet and cloying in a wonderfully honeyed way.

As he positioned himself his mouth watered at the sight of Lee’s beautifully rounded rump. Even as he thought to reach out and touch it, the tentacle moved, curling over Lee’s ass - stroking over it as he had planned with his hand.

Had he done that? He wasn’t sure but he was sure it felt amazing. He could feel the flesh beneath the suckers and Lee groaned with pleasure as the suckers latched lightly. It released and moved down to Lee’s slicked thighs, repeating the action as though it wanted to lap up the moisture leaking from the otter.

“Oh fuck, that’s so good.” Lee moaned. “I want you inside me.”

Elias was panting and sweating. It felt so good to bring someone else pleasure… but more than that, for the first time he could feel it too.

No sooner had he thought how much he wanted to fuck the otter than the tentacle moved again and slid slowly into Lee.

They both gasped and then Lee groaned. “Oh… that feels so fucking good. Fill me up alpha…”

Elias thrust slowly forward until he was buried completely inside the otter. And he could definitely feel that. He groaned and his eyes rolled. His fingers tightened on the flesh of Lee’s hips.

“Hard, Elias. Deep… please… please alpha.”

Elias began to thrust, erratic at first, but then Lee was making these sweet little grunts and short moans as he thrust hard and deep each time.

“Oh… fuck… so full. I’ve never… It’s like it’s filling every part of me.” Lee panted and moaned the words.

Elias understood, he could feel it too, the way the tentacle - his tentacle - pulsed and swelled and moved almost as though it was exploring the otter. Elias had little experience to go on, but it seemed something unusual, and maddeningly wonderful, from the way the otter squirmed and pushed back on him.

“Fuck… I don’t want to… I want you to fuck me forever Elias.” Lee blurted. “God, this is so good.”

Elias could feel the heat on his face as he blushed at the words but could do no more than answer with grunts and further thrusting. He moved forward - instinct as Lee had said - and pushed the otter down further beneath him so he was draped over his back.

Lee groaned at the change in position and went almost pliant. The otter moaned and gripped at the bed sheets, panting as the side of their face was pressed against the pillows.

"Knot me alpha." They moaned.

Elias wasn't even sure his tentacle could do that, but then he felt it respond. The base started to thicken.

"Fuuuckkkkk…" A long groan from Lee as they clawed at the bed. "Yes…. there..."

Elias grunted and continued to thrust as Lee moaned and writhed. Clearly whatever this pseudoknot was doing was very enjoyable - for them both.

"Holy fucking shit!" Lee cried out and jolted a little. Elias went with the movement, realising they were becoming locked together. "The fucking… uhhh…" Lee went completely pliant and then Elias could feel them pulsing around the tentacle, their inner muscles gripping him. The scent of cum hit his nostrils and he knew Lee had orgasmed even as the otter reached back and tried to grip his thigh - urging Elias on to his own end.

Elias began to thrust quicker, though he was barely able to move within the otter. The sensation was heavenly, especially since Lee had tightened around him.

There was a noise and he realised Lee was sobbing. He hesitated for a moment.

"No… keep going… just… sensitive… keep… Elias…" They panted and pushed back despite being completely malleable now.

Elias nodded and continued to thrust, and then Lee was crying out and cumming again with loud sobs.

Elias was losing himself to his own pleasure. He could feel everything now, all the sensations the tentacle could feel, he could. The pleasure it was getting from the tight heat. He felt it welling in the pit of his stomach and then it happened, all of a sudden.

Elias near roared. He had never felt such pleasure before. The tentacle pulsed and throbbed and spilled, on and on. Lee was moaning beneath him as the tentacle seemed to pump endlessly, filling the otter copiously with his seed.

They both collapsed to the bed, Lee pressed beneath Elias as he continued to spill for minutes on end. By the time he stopped they were both exhausted.

He realised his weight and rolled to his side, taking Lee with him and caging them in his arms. He never wanted to let the otter go. The pseudoknot pulsed at the idea and made Lee gasp and then groan. But they went happily with Elias and allowed the bull to wrap himself around them.

"That was… fuck…" Lee chuckled.

"Was it okay? Was it different?" Elias asked nervously.

“Different? Holy fuck, that’s the first time I’ve ever had a suction cup attach itself to my prostate. I thought I was going to fucking pass out.” They continued to laugh, a sweet tinkly thing that warmed Elias through. “Could I convince you to stay here until… until I’m gone?”

There was still a lightness in the tone that made it seem like it could be a joke, but Elias knew it wasn’t. He didn’t know how long Lee had left. Not long, not long at all. Not long enough.

He would stay.

*

Three days they did little more than talk, fuck and explore each other’s body. Elias learning more about his own as much as he did about Lee’s. They ate what little food was in Lee’s kitchen - Lee had been running it down so the place didn’t stink if they were alone when they passed and no one found them immediately.

The pair talked a lot and found themselves so completely different as to be endlessly fascinating to the other.

Every time they made love - because that was what it had become - Elias felt saddened to know Lee would be gone so soon. His new and only friend. The only person who had truly showed him love and how to love.

The person who had shown him that he was in fact whole.

On the fourth morning he woke when Lee stretched against him with a yawn. They hadn’t got dressed in days and he was becoming as comfortable with nudity as Lee seemed to be. It was nice. He didn’t want to lose it.

“Mmm, I feel good.” Lee said, a surprised note in his voice. The otter sat and looked down at Elias who frowned at the confused expression on Lee’s face.

“That’s… good?” Elias asked, uncertain as to what was going on.

“No… I mean, yes. But… I mean, I feel good. I feel well.”

Elias paled.

This was something his father had told him wasn’t it? That talk as a teenager. He and his siblings had had a variation of the talk, depending on their dynamic. But Elias knew his was totally different considering what his father had made of him.

Hadn’t he mentioned this? He was mostly bull yes, but that octopus DNA was unpredictable. So unpredictable in how it had manifested physically in Elias, who knew what else it might do? So his father had piled him up with books on Cephalopoda. It was random knowledge but there still all the same - the things he’d read. Regenerative properties of Octopi, the medicinal uses of ink.

“What is it?” Lee asked, concern growing deeper.

“I… think we need to talk to your doctor.” Elias bit his lower lip and couldn’t help the hopeful smile, which Lee returned.

*

One Month Later ~

Lee was sat waiting for him on the bed.

“Time for my top up doctor.” The otter grinned. Elias’s heart thumped in his chest.

He could have extracted his seed for Lee, to keep them alive and well, but Lee insisted. Lee wanted him. Not just because of the healing, not just because Elias was the only one to have given them the time of day when no one wanted to get involved with a sick person. But because of this strange thing that had developed between them. A thing that somehow had become… more.

Elias nodded and began to take off his clothes even as he felt his cock squirming and trying to escape. Once he was naked he paused, a thought as his eyes went to the side drawer next to the bed.

“Maybe later you can…”

Lee grinned. That was the other thing they said they loved about Elias - yes loved! How he was happy to let Lee done a strapon and fuck him when the otter felt like it, when they felt like the alpha.

In fact, Elias had felt a little thrill run through him that fifth morning together when Lee first opened the drawer, a soft chuckle about coincidence as they revealed a tentacle dildo and a strapon harness, asking “It… won’t be the same, but… You fancy a go?”

Elias found he did. He really did.

End Notes

I don't know if healing Lee with Elias's tentacle dick would really be possible irl. But... they are shifters and he has a tentacle dick, so let's go with it.

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